

The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.]

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 30, 1860.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 22—NO. 28.]

Business Directory.

REED & CRITCHFIELD.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.
Office—Up stairs in Critchfield's corner
Block, opposite the Court-house. n204f

D. S. UHL.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.
Office—In Mayor's building, over the Book
Store. n204f

WM. S. TANNEHILL.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT
LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Two
doors east of the Bank, up stairs. n204f

DR. S. D. RICHARDS.
HAS Located in Berlin, Holmes County, Ohio.
He will attend to all calls proper to his
profession. Especial attention to diseases of the
Eye. n204f

DR. G. W. RAMAGE.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Would respect-
fully inform the citizens of Holmes County and
vicinity that he has located himself in said place
for the practice of his profession. Office four
doors west of Reed's Corner. n204f

DR. T. G. V. HOLING.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Millersburg, O.
Office on Main street, formerly occupied by
Dr. Irvine. n204f

DR. EHRHART.
MILLERSBURG, O. Office—on Jackson st.
nearly opposite the Empire House. Resi-
dence on Clay street, opposite the Presbyterian
Church. n204f

DR. A. A. CRUMP.
GERMAN & ENGLISH BOTANICAL Physician,
Millersburg, O. Office—on the East end of
Main street, four doors above the Public square.
n204f

A. B. FRY.
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER, Main
Street, opposite Court House, Millersburg,
Ohio. n204f

JAS. HEBRON & SON.
DEALERS IN SADDLERY, German and Ameri-
can Hardware, Cutlery, Oils, Paints, Glass,
Sash, Fine Doors Sashings, and Coach Trim-
mings. n204f

ELLISON HOUSE.
ELLISON & DE SILVA Proprietors, Jackson
Street, Millersburg, Ohio. n204f

OHIO HOUSE.
I. HOXWORTH Proprietor, west end of Main
Street, Millersburg, O. n204f

SIMS HOUSE.
JOHN SIMS Proprietor, Sandusky Avenue,
Bucyrus, Ohio. n204f

JOHNSON HOUSE.
L. D. JOHNSON Proprietor, Public Square,
Bucyrus, Ohio. n204f

A. J. BELL.
COUNTY RECORDER AND NOTARY
PUBLIC, Millersburg, Ohio. He is at all
times ready to furnish, fill up, and take acknowl-
edgments of all kinds of Deeds, Conveyances,
mortgages, and powers of Attorney, and Record
the same, take Depositions to be used in any of
the courts of this State. Also, Protest Notes, Bills
of exchange, &c. n204f

LAKE & JONES.
DENTISTS,
WOOSTER, OHIO.

BAKER & WHOLE.
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
SALT, FISH, PLASTER, WHITTE & WATER LIME,
PURCHASERS OF
Flour, Wheat, Rye, Corn and oats
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.

BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW
AND ALL KINDS OF FRESH FRUITS.
WAREHOUSE—MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

E. STEINBACHER & CO.
Produce and Commission Merchants
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, GRAIN, MILL STUFFS,
SALT, FISH, WHITTE & WATER LIME, &c. &c.
AND PURCHASERS OF
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Wool,
BEANS, DRIED FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS &c. &c.
June 1, 1859. n204f

HANCOCK CAMP & CO.
Produce & General Commission Merchants
NO. 4, NORTH WATER STREET, BELOW ARCH.
In Consignment of Western Produce returned
guaranteed. Quick sales and immediate returns
guaranteed. n204f

THIRD ARRIVAL.
GEORGE L. COOK!!
WOULD inform his numerous patrons that he has
received and is now receiving from the Western man-
ufacturers, a full and extensive stock of JEWELRY, Gold
and Silver.

WATCHES!
Patent and Silver Pens, table and dessert spoons, Ear Drops
Bracelets, Breast Pins, Studs, Sleeve Buttons, Lockets,
&c. &c. n204f

Gold Pens and Pencils.
And everything usually kept in his line of business, which
he has opened for the inspection and purchase of all who
see fit to honor him with their custom.
Goods warranted to be in every respect as good as
represented. Repairs done satisfactorily and on short notice.
G. L. COOK.
December 22, 1859.

S. WEIRICH & BRO.,
DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL, NAILS
LEVELS, CHISELS, BRACES, SAWS,
BITS, AUGERS, FILES, SQUARES, ADZES, &c.
WINDOW GLASS, DOORS,
MECHANICAL TOOLS, &c.
OILS, WHITE LEAD, SADDLERY,
Agricultural Implements.
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.
n204f

Probate Court.
The Ordinary term of the Probate Court of Holmes
County, Ohio, will be held on as follows for the year 1860
First Tuesday of January
" " " " February
" " " " March
" " " " April
" " " " May
" " " " June
" " " " July
" " " " August
" " " " September
" " " " October
" " " " November
" " " " December

REMEMBER!
The cheapest Watches, Jewelry, Silver and
Plated Ware, will be found at Cook's, in the room
formerly occupied by the Post Office, where all
goods are warranted to be as represented, and en-
tire satisfaction guaranteed to purchasers.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired to order.
April 21st, 1859. G. L. COOK.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.
A. S. LOUTHER.
Is carrying on the tailoring business in all its various
branches in Room over
MULVANE'S STORE.

MULVANE'S STORE.
His experience and taste enables him to render general
satisfaction to those for whom he does work, and he hopes
by industry and close application to business to receive
a liberal share of patronage.
ALL WORK IS WARRANTED.
His prices are as low as it is possible for a man to live at
Millersburg, 1860.—n204f

Poetry.

"THE DOUGLAS IS COMING."
A POPULAR SONG DEDICATED TO THE UNION GLEE
CLUB.

The Douglas is coming, make way, make way,
The Douglas is coming, make way, make way,
He has struck up the tune that we're going to play,
"Tis the new "Hail Columbia," make way, make way,
Then sing your banner to the wind,
Leave foes and friends far behind—
This constellation flag shall be
Our emblem of victory.

For Douglas is coming, make way, make way,
For Douglas is coming, make way, make way,
Oh, please Mr. Lincoln get out of the way—
"Best ride road" to Boston, make way, make way,
Our emblem of victory.

Tread proudly for we carry here
The noblest flag that floats in air;
And well we know the truth to be,
Just laws alone make liberty.

And we're going to have them make way, make way,
And we're going to have them make way, make way,
The Douglas is here, so get out of the way,
You'd best go to Boston, make way, make way,
Tis he bears our flag, and he'll show us the way,
And we're all for the Union, make way, make way.

No North, no South, no East, no West,
Our own wide land—the loved—the best—
Shame to the traitor who would sever
Our Union—may it last forever.

And Douglas will save it, make way, make way,
And Douglas will save it, make way, make way,
Tis he bears our flag, and he'll show us the way,
And we're all for the Union, make way, make way.

Miscellaneous.
DEATH OF YOUNG HENRY CLAY.

BY GEORGE LIPFARD.

It was near the setting of the sun, when
the men of Palo Alto, Rosaca de la Pa-
ma and Monterey, saw the clouds come
down on the last charge of Buena Vista
that a scene worthy of the days of Wash-
ington, closed the day in glory.

Do you behold that dark ravine, deep
sunken between these precipitous banks?
Here no sunlight comes, for these walls of
rock wrap the past in eternal twilight.

Withered trees grow between masses of
granite, and scattered stone make the bed
of the ravine uncertain and difficult for
the tread.

Hark! that cry, that rush like a moun-
tain torrent bursting its barriers, and
quick as the lightning flashes from dark-
ness, the dismal ravine is bathed in red
battle light. From its northern extremi-
ty, a confused band of Mexicans, an ar-
my in itself come yelling along the pass,
treading one another down as they fly,
their banners, spears and horses men tossed
together in inextricable confusion.

By thousands they rush into the shadow
of the pass, their dark faces reddened by
the heated blaze of musketry. The caverns
of the ravine send back the roar of the
cannon, and the grey rocks are
washed by their blood.

But the little band who pursue this
army! Who are they? You may see in
their firm, heroic ranks, the volunteer
contingent of Illinois and Kentucky. At their
head, urging his men with shouts, rides
the gallant McKee, by his side young Henry
Clay, that broad forehead, which re-
minds you of his father, bathed in the
glare as his sword quivers on high ere it
falls to kill. There, too, a wild figure
amid red with his own blood and the blood
of his Mexican foes, his uniform rent in
tatters, his arms bared to the shoulders, striking
terrible blows with his good sword—
Hardin, of Illinois—comes gallantly for-
ward.

The small but iron hand hurl the Mexi-
cans from the heights into the ravine,
and follow up the chase far down into the
eternal twilight of that mountain pass.

Look! As their musketry streams its
steady blaze, you would think that one
ceaseless sheet of lightning bathed these
rocks in flames!

Over the Mexicans, man and horse,
hurled back in mad disorder, the Ameri-
cans dash on their way, never heeding the
overwhelming numbers of their foes, never
feeling the palpitating forces beneath
their feet, with bayonet, and rifle, and
sword, they press steadily on, their well-
known banner streaming evermore over-
head.

How the dying war-horse—
hark! Does it not chill your blood to
hear it? The bubbling cry of the wound-
ed man, with the horse's hoof upon his
mouth, trampling his face into a hideous
wreck—does it not sicken your soul to
hear it?

A hundred yards or more into the pass
the Americans had penetrated, when sud-
denly a young Mexican, rushing back up
on their ranks, seizes the fallen flag of
Anahuac and dashes to death.

To see him, young and beardless, a
very boy, rush with his country's flag,
with his bare breast, upon that line of
sharp steel—it was a sight to stir coun-
tards into manhood, and it shot into Mexi-
can hearts like an electric flame.

Even in their panic stricken disorder
they turned by hundreds; they grasped
arms and rolled into one long wave of
lances and bayonets upon the foe. Woe
to the brave men of Illinois and Ken-
tucky now! Locked in that deadly pass,
a wall of infuriated Mexicans between
them and that wall of rocks—above their
heads through every aperture among the
cliffs, the blaze of muskets pouring a
shower of bullets in their faces—where-
ver they turned, the long and deadly lance
pointed at their throats—it was a moment
to think once of home—and die.

Those who survived that fearful moment
tell with shuddering triumph the deeds of
these heroes—McKee, Hardin and Clay.

McKee, you see him yonder with his
shattered sword dripping with blood, he
endeavors to ward off the blow of those
deadly lances, and fights on his knees
when he can stand no longer, and then the
combatants close over him, and you see
him no more.

Hardin arose from a heap of slaughter-
ed faces, his face streaming from its hide-
ous lance wounds, and waved a Mexican
flag in triumph, as his life-blood rushes

in a torrent over his muscular form.—
That instant the full light of battle was
on his mangled face. Then flinging his
captured flag to a brother soldier, "Give
it to her as a memorial of Buena Vista!"
My wife! It was his last words. Up
on his bare breast the fury of ten lances
rushed, and the horse's hoof trampled him
into the heap of dead.

But most sad and yet most glorious of
all, was to see the death of the second
Henry Clay.

You should have seen him, with his
back against yonder rock, his sword
grasped firmly, as the consciousness that
he bore a name that must not die inglori-
ously, seemed to fill his every vein, and
dart a deadly fire from his eyes!

At that moment he looked like the old
man.

For his brow, high and retreating,
with the blood dotted hair waving back
from its outline, was swollen in every
way as though his soul shone from it ere
he fled forever. Lips set, brows knit,
hands firm—a circle of men fighting round
him—he dashed into the Mexicans until
his sword was wet, his arms weary with
blood.

At last with his thigh splintered by a
ball, he gathered his proud form to its
full height, and fell. His face ashy with
intense agony, he bade his comrades to
leave him there to die. That ravine should
be the bed of his glory.

But gathering around him a guard of
breast of steel—while two of their number
bore him along—these men of Kentucky
fought round their fallen hero, and as re-
treating step by step, they launched their
swords and bayonets into the faces of the
foe, they said with every blow—"Henry
Clay!"

It was wonderful to see how that name
nerved their arms, and called a smile to
the face of the dying hero. How it would
have made the old man of Ashland proud
to have heard his name yelled as a battle
cry down the shadows of that lonely pass.

Along the ravine and up the narrow
pass! The hero bleeds as they bear him
on, and tracks the way with his blood.—
Faster and thicker the Mexicans swarm
—they see the circle around the fallen
man, even his pale face uplifted, as a smile
crosses its fading lineaments, and like a
pack of wolves, scenting the forlorn trav-
eler at the dead of night; they came howl-
ing up the rock, and charge the devoted
band with one dense mass of bayonets.

Up and on! The light shines yonder
on the topmost rocks of the ravine. It
is the light of the setting sun. Old Tay-
lor's eyes are on that rock, and there he
will fight our way, and die in the old man's
sight.

It was a murderous way, that path up
the steep bank of the ravine! Littered
with dead, slippery with blood, it grew
blacker every moment with Mexicans,
and the defenders of the wounded hero
fell, one by one, into the chasm yawning
around.

At last they reached the light, the
sword and bayonet glitter in right of the
contending armies, and the bloody con-
test rages towards the topmost rock.

Then it was that gathering up his dy-
ing form—armed with supernatural vigor,
young Clay started from the arms of his
supporters, and stood with outstretched
hands, in the light of the setting sun.—
It was a glorious sight which he saw there
amid the rolling battle-clouds—Santa
Anna's formidable army hurled back in
to ravine and gorge, by Taylor's little
band. But a more glorious thing it was
to see that dying man, standing for the
last time in the light of that sun which
shall never rise for him again.

"Leave me," he shrieked, as he fell
back on the soil, "I must die, and I will
die here! Peril your life no longer for
me! Go! There is work for you yon-
der!"

The Mexicans crowded on, hungry for
blood. Even as he spoke their bayonets
glittering by hundreds, were leveled at
the throat of the devoted band. By the
mere force of their overwhelming num-
bers, they crushed them back from the
dying Clay.

Only one lingered a brave man, who
had known the chivalric soldier, and lov-
ed him long, he stood there, and covered
as he was with blood, heard these last
words:

"Tell my father how I die, and give him
these pistols!"

Lifting his ashy face into the light, he
turned his eyes upon his comrades' faces—
placed the pistols in his hand, and fell
back to his death.

That comrade, with the pistols in his
grasp, fought his way alone to the top-
most rock of the path, only once looking
back. He saw a quivering form cano-
pied by bayonets—he saw those out-
stretched hands grappling with points of
steel—he saw a pale face once lifted in
the light, and then darkness rushed upon
the life of young HENRY CLAY.

Reader, these were the soldiers that
Cortez, who backed by LINCOLN in the
Congress of the United States, wished
"welcomed with bloody hands to hospita-
lity graves." ABRAHAM LINCOLN voted in
Congress against giving these soldiers sup-
plies, and also against giving them or their
widows bounty lands. He is the candi-
date of the Republican party for the Presi-
dency.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED ON
THE 9TH OF JULY, 1856, IN THE SENATE BY
HON. WILLIAM BIGLER, WHEN KANSAS
AFFAIRS WERE UNDER DISCUSSION.—"But,
sir, I have no views to conceal; I agree
with the Senator from Michigan, that the
Territorial Legislature has entire control
over the subject—is competent to estab-
lish, abolish, or protect it."

I can see two sources of law-making
power for the Territory—the one in Con-
gress, the other in the people who inhabit
the Territory—and it seems to me, that
when Congress has conferred upon the
people all the power it possessed, as in
the case of Kansas, the people through
their local Legislature, have an ample law-
making power to the control of the sla-
very or any other question."

[See App. Con. Globe, vol. 33, p. 84.]

A Word on Organization.

The clouds which at first seemed to
darken the prospects of the National De-
mocracy in this Presidential campaign,
are gradually clearing away. As the
contest wages warmly, the hope of victory
becomes stronger.

There is a kindling up
all over the country a fire of enthusiasm
which reminds old veterans in the ranks
of the zeal and determination, which
made the Democracy victorious in the
days of Jackson. Accessions to our
ranks are of daily occurrence, and the
friends of the Union are everywhere unit-
ing with us in the firm conviction that it
is their duty to aid in defeating both
Northern and Southern Disunionists.—
The people do not wait to be called out
by regular Committees, but are getting up
meetings in all parts of the country, to
which the masses are gathered, and give
an earnest of what they will do at the
polls in November. All that is wanting
to render victory certain, is a more thor-
ough organization of the Democratic and
Union forces.

There is, in the State of parties at this
time, and in the peril that overhangs the
Union, every inducement to prompt to
such organization. The spirit of Disunion
is abroad in the land, and every day
becomes more rampant. All Intervention-
ists are practical Disunionists, whether
sailing under the banner of Protection
or Protection, or under the Lincoln
or Breckinridge flag. Both seek to per-
petuate the "irrepressible conflict," and
in so doing to "precipitate a revolution."

Both these Disunion parties have compact
organizations, and are spreading broad-
cast over the land their incendiary doc-
uments. It is difficult to tell whether
there is greater danger to the Union in
this crisis in the South or in the North.
The Disunionists in the South are all
banded together under Yancey & Co., and
all to a man support Breckinridge. The
National Democrats and Union men in
the South are uniting and conducting
themselves bravely in the conflict, thus
setting an example well worthy to be imi-
tated by us at the North, they will be
able to cope with and overthrow the seces-
sionists.

The North is, perhaps, after all, the
great arena where the conflict is to be de-
cided. Here the Intervention Disunion-
ists, under the name of Republicans, are
bold, confident and defiant. They are
fully organized with secret clubs, after the
manner of the old Know-Nothing lodges.
They seek to arouse a bitter sectional
prejudice in the North against the South
and do not hesitate to make the traitor-
ous avowal that the slavery question is
to be settled by a constant war upon that
institution until it is abolished in all the
States as well as the Territories. This is
sectional foe—this is the bitter and un-
relenting enemy to the union of these States
with whom we have to contend in this
campaign. All true Democrats and na-
tional men should unite and consolidate
their efforts to arrest the progress of this
rampant disunion party. With such union
and consolidation, the country can
easily be saved. It is a gratification to
be able to assure our friends that organ-
izations of the friends of Non-Interven-
tion and the Union are being perfected in
every Northern State, and especially in
our own State. But they should be uni-
versal. Ohio must be redeemed this fall
from the control of sectional and Disunion
Republicanism. It can be done by a
determined and united effort. Let such
an effort be made. Permit us in closing
to make a few suggestions:

1. There should be Democratic Union
Clubs formed in every town and town-
ship, with active and vigilant commit-
tees in every ward and school district.—
Every man should consider himself a
committee of one, appointed to carry for-
ward the good work with all the ability
and means he can use.

2. Meetings of Clubs and other local
organizations should be held at least once
a week, and carried on with spirit and
energy. There is no need, in order to
make these meetings interesting and use-
ful, that speakers should be necessarily
imported from abroad; every Democrat
and every lover of the Union who has a
tongue in his head, should use it in mak-
ing short but telling addresses.

3. There should be a constant inter-
course and interchange kept up between
the different local organizations within
reach of each other.

4. One aim, which clubs and other local
organizations should steadily keep in
view, should be to get up clubs for reli-
able Democratic newspapers, and to circu-
late documents advocating the true Non-
Intervention and Union doctrine among
the people.

5. Every argument and persuasion
should be used with the wavering and
with those who will listen to reason, to
make them see and pursue the path of du-
ty and safety. All clamor, denunciation
and personal abuse should be shunned.—
But in calm, sober, earnest private con-
versation, more good can be done than in
any other way.

Other means that may be used in ad-
vancing our cause, will readily occur to
the mind of the reader. Much depends
on localities and surrounding circum-
stances. But organizations should be
immediately perfected everywhere, and
we close with this word of exhortation to
all the friends of the Union and Self-Gov-
ernment: Organize! Organize!!—States-
man.

YOUNG CORN ORIENT.—To a dozen
ears of the young Indian corn allow five
eggs; boil the corn a quarter of an hour,
and then, with a large grater, grate it
down to the cob, beat the eggs very light,
and then stir gradually the grated corn
into the pan of eggs, add a small salt-
spoon of salt and a very little cayenne;
put into a hot frying pan equal quanti-
ties of lard and fresh butter, and stir them
well together over fire; when they boil,
put in the mixture thick, and fry it, af-
terwards browning the top with a red-hot
shovel or salamander; transfer it
when done to a heated dish, but do not
fold it over. It will be found excellent.
This is a good way of using boiled corn
that has been left from the preceding day.

The Representation of the South in Congress and in Presiden- tial Electors—Queries Answered.

A correspondent writes us from Rich-
mond, Delaware County, Ohio, under
date of the 10th of August, as follows:

"My object in writing to you is to re-
ceive your information in reference to the
electoral vote of the United States. Some
of the Republicans here say that the South
on account of its slaves, though not near
as many in population, gives far the most
electoral votes. We, the Democrats, de-
ny it. Now for our satisfaction, we de-
sire you to publish the facts in the En-
quirer, in some of your issues. We wish
you to let us know how the vote does
stand."

"There is another thing that we do not
understand. The meaning of this half
vote; for instance, Douglas received 1814
half votes—what does it mean? We
would be glad to have some light on the
subject. I heard a Republican elector for
the State at large make a speech the other
day, and he said there was no such thing
as a half vote. He said this in the pres-
ence, I would suppose, of three hundred
people, and no one disputed his word."

The first question propounded is one
upon which great ignorance seems to pre-
vail among the Republicans, and, though
often fully explained, many do not seem
to understand the solution. The fact is,
the eighteen free States (having a popu-
lation, in 1850, under which apportion-
ment we are now acting, of fourteen mil-
lions) have 183 electoral votes for Presi-
dent. The fifteen slave States, with nine
millions of people in 1850, six millions
free and three millions slave, have 120
electoral votes. In the House of Repre-
sentatives the free States have 147 mem-
bers, and the slave States 90 members.—
The number of electors is equal to the
number of members of the House and
members of the Senate added together.—
For instance, Ohio has twenty-one mem-
bers of the House and two Senators.—
She has, therefore, twenty-three electoral
votes. Kentucky has ten members of the
House and two Senators, making twelve
electoral votes. The number of free men
required to send a member of the House
is, at present, 93,000. In the free States
the negroes are free, and count with the
whites in making up in any district the
required 93,000. In other words, in any
district in the North where 93,000 whites
and blacks live, that district has a mem-
ber of Congress, and one electoral vote
for President. In the South, on the con-
trary, five negro slaves only count three
in the basis of representation.

In those electoral districts where there
are thousands of slaves held it requires
much more than 93,000 people to elect
a member of Congress, for 35,000 slaves
would only be put down as 18,000 people.
Slavery lessens the Southern repre-
sentation in Congress, and lessens her
electoral votes. If she should emanci-
pate her slaves she would have twenty
members of Congress and twenty Presi-
dential electors more than she has now,
as they would count equally with the
whites, instead of for three, as at
present. This is the working of the
fifth clause of the Constitution of the
United States. It is a restriction upon
the slave States.

In reference to the half-votes cast in
the Charleston and Baltimore Con-
ventions, it occurred in this way: Each State
had twice as many delegates as it had
electoral votes to give to the nomination
of President. For instance: Connecticut
had twelve delegates to cast six votes;
seven of the delegates were for Mr. Doug-
las, and five of them against him; the seven
gave him three and a half votes, and the
five gave two and a half against him. In
this way a number of States cast half
votes in the Convention.—Enquirer.

Why Should any Man Swear.
I can conceive of no reason why he
should. But of ten reasons why he should
not.

1. It is mean. A man of high moral
standing would almost as soon stear
a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar; altogether too mean
for a decent man.

3. It is cowardly, implying a fear either
of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman,
according to Webster, is a gentle man.
Well bred—refined. Such a one will no
more swear, than go into the streets to
throw mud with a clod hopper.

5. It is indecent; offensive to delicacy,
and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish. "Want of decency, is
the want of sense."—Pope.

7. It is abusive. To the mind which
conceives the oath, to the tongue which
utters it, and to the person at whom it is
aimed.

8. It is venomous; showing a man's
heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time
he swears, one of them sticks out his
head.

9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the re-
spect of all the wise and good.

10. It is wicked; violating the divine
law, and provoking the displeasure of
Him who will not hold him guiltless who
takes his name in vain.

SEALING FRUITS.—A correspondent,
who has been successful in preserving
fruit in jars, for four seasons, says:

"I used self-sealing glass jars, and my
method is this: I put fruit into my porce-
lain preserving kettle enough to fill two
quart jars; sprinkle over it about one
quart of sugar; place it over a slow fire
and gradually heat through. (The se-
cret is in having the fruit thoroughly heat-
ed through, not cooked.) While the
fruit is heating I keep the jars filled with
hot water till the fruit is ready, which of
course prevents them from cracking.—
Fill up to the brim with hot water and
seal tight. As it cools, a sufficient vacu-
um is formed in the jar to prevent further
injury. In this way fruit of every kind
will retain its flavor. My strawberries
taste precisely like those picked from the
vines, and sprinkle with sugar and set
away long enough to let the sugar melt.
There is no mistake in preserving fruit
this way. Sometimes a thick leathery
mould forms on the top—if so all the better.

Rendering Good for Evil.

A Manchester warehouseman publish-
ed an exceedingly scurrilous pamphlet
against the firm Grant Brothers, holding
up the elder partner to ridicule as "Billy